



The Adventures of Kathlyn

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated by Pictures from the Moving Picture Production of the Sells Polyscope Co.

SYNOPSIS.

Kathlyn Hare, believing her father, Col. Hare, in peril, has summoned her, leaves her home in California to go to him in Allahabad, India. Umballa, pretender to the throne, has imprisoned the colonel, named by the late king as his heir. Arriving in Allahabad, Kathlyn is informed by Umballa that her father being dead, she is to be queen, and must marry him. She refuses and is informed by the priests that no woman can rule unmaried. She is given seven days to think it over. She still refuses, and is told that she must undergo two ordeals with wild beasts. If she survives she will be permitted to rule. John Bruce, an American, saves her life. The elephant which carries her from the scene of her trials runs away, separating her from Bruce and the rest of the party. She takes refuge in a ruined temple, but this haven is the abode of a lion and she is forced to flee from it. She finds a refuge in the jungle only to fall into the hands of slave traders. Kathlyn is brought to the public mart in Allahabad and sold to Umballa, who, finding her still unsubmitive, throws her into the dungeon with her father. She is rescued by Bruce and his friends. Colonel Hare also is rescued. Umballa, with soldiers, starts in pursuit. Kathlyn is struck by a bullet. The fugitives are given shelter in the palace of Sala Khan. Supplied with camels by the hospitable prince, they start for the coast, but are captured by brigands. Umballa journeys to the lair of the bandits, makes the colonel a prisoner and orders Bruce and Kathlyn killed. The bandits quarrel over the money paid them by Umballa and during the confusion Kathlyn and Bruce escape and return to Allahabad. They concoct a plan to rescue the colonel. The colonel is nominally king, but really a prisoner. Kathlyn gains access to the palace in disguise, and her rescue plans are succeeding when the panic courtiers and Bruce escape, throwing the king into confusion. Kathlyn, the prince, Ramabal and Bruce rescue Kathlyn and her father, and the party steals away from Allahabad.

CHAPTER XV—Continued.

"There is a village not far," reminded Ahmed. "They are a friendly people. It is quite possible, with the money we have, to buy some horses, small but sturdy. But there is one thing I do not understand, sahib."

"And what is that?" asked the colonel.

"The readiness with which Umballa gave up the pursuit. It's a long walk; let us be getting forward."

Late that afternoon they were all mounted once more, on strong, tractable ponies, with water and provisions. And the spirits of all rose accordingly. Even Ahmed became cheerful.

"We'll make it, please God!" said the colonel. "Give me a telegraph of success. That's all I need just now."

"Two days, sahib," said Ahmed, "we will reach the sea."

They rode all through the night, stopping only at dawn for breakfast and a cat nap after. Then forward again till they came upon a hunter's rest house, deserted. Here they agreed to spend the night. Beyond the rest house were half a dozen scattered mud huts, occupied by natives who pretended friendliness, lulling even the keen Ahmed into a sense of security. But at dawn, when they awoke cheerfully to pick up the trail, they found their horses and provisions gone.

The colonel, Bruce and Ahmed, still armed, never having permitted the ruses out of their keeping, set out grimly in pursuit of the thieves, while Kathlyn proceeded to forage on her own initiative.

She came presently upon a magnificent ravine, half a mile in depth. There was a broad ledge some fifteen feet below. It was evidently used as a goat path, for near at hand stood a shepherd's hut. Stirred by the spirit of investigation, she made preparations for descent by attaching the rope she had brought along to a stout boulder.

Panthers! They were coming up the pathway behind her. It would be simple enough to descend; but how to get back to the rest house? There was no time to plan; she must act at once. She must drop down to the ledge and trust to her star.

She called out loudly as she swung downward. The shepherd came running out of his hut, dumfounded at what he saw.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Coronation of Winnie. With the assistance of the shepherd Kathlyn went down the rope agilely and safely. Once firmly on her feet, she turned to thank the wild-eyed hillman. But her best Hindustani (and she was able to speak and understand quite a little by now) fell on ears which heard but did not sense what she said. The man, mild and harmless enough, for all his wild eyes, shrank back, for no woman of his kind had ever looked like this. Kathlyn, with a zeal of foreboding, repeated the phrase and asked the way back to the hunter's rest house. He shook his head; he understood nothing.

But there is one language which is universal the world over, and that is sign language. Kathlyn quickly stooped and drew in the dust the shape of the rest house. Then she pointed in the direction from whence she had come. He smiled and nodded excitedly. He understood now. Next, being unarmed, she felt the need of some sort of weapon. So she drew the shape of a rifle in the dust, then produced four rupees, all she had. The shepherd gurgled delightedly, ran into the hut and returned with a rifle of modern make and a belt of cartridges.

With a gesture he signified that it was useless to him because he did not know how to use it.

He took the rupees and Kathlyn took the rifle, vaguely wondering how it came into the possession of this poverty stricken hillman. Of one thing she was certain; it had become his either through violence of his own or of others. She examined the breech and found a dead shell, which she cast out. The rifle carried six cartridges, and she loaded skillfully, much to the astonishment of the hillman. Then she swung the butt to her shoulder and fired up at the ledge where the panthers had last been seen.

The hillman cried out in alarm and scuttled away to his hut. When he peered forth again Kathlyn made a friendly gesture and he approached timidly. Once more she pointed to the dust, at the picture of the rest house; and then, by many stabs of his finger



Winnie's Dark, Proud Face Showed No Terror.

in the air, he succeeded in making the way back sufficiently clear to Kathlyn, who smiled, shouldered the rifle and strode confidently down the winding path; but also she was alert and watchful.

There was not a bit of rust on the rifle, and the fact that one bullet had sped smoothly convinced her that the weapon was serviceable. Some careful hunter had once possessed it, for it was abundantly oiled. To whom had it belonged? It was of German make; but that signified nothing. It might have belonged to an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a Russian; more likely the latter, since this was one of the localities where they crossed and recrossed with their note books to be utilized against that day when the Bear dropped down from the north and tackled the Lion.

Kathlyn had to go down to the very bottom of the ravine. She must follow the goat path, no matter where it wound, for this ultimately would lead her to the rest house. As she started up the final incline, through the cedars and pines, she heard the bark of the wolf, the red wolf who hunted in packs of twenty or thirty, in reality far more menacing than a tiger or a panther, since no hunter could kill a whole pack.

To this wolf, when hunting his kill, the tiger gave wide berth; the bear took to his cave, and all fleet footed things of the jungles fled in panic.

Kathlyn climbed as rapidly as she could. She dared not mount a tree, for the red wolf would outwit her. She must go on. The bark, or yelp, had been a signal, but now there came to her ears the long howl. She had heard it often in the great forests at home. It was the call of the pack that there was to be a kill. She might shoot half a dozen of them, and the living remnant, but the main pack would follow on and overtake her.

She swung on upward, catching a sapling here, a limb there, pulling herself over hard bits of going. Once she turned and fired a chance shot in the direction of the howling. Far away came the roar of one of the mountain lions; and the pack of red wolves became suddenly and magically silent. Kathlyn made good use of this interval. But presently the pack raised its howl again, and she knew that the grim struggle was about to begin.

She reached the door of the rest house just as the pack, a large one, came into view, heads down, tails streaming. Pundita, who was at the fire preparing the noon meal, seized Kathlyn by the arm and hurried her into the house, barricading the door. The wolves, arriving, flung themselves against it savagely. But the door was stout, and only a battering ram in human hands could have made it yield.

Unfortunately, there was no knowing when the men folk would return from their chase of the horses, nor how long the wolves would lay siege. The two women tried shooting, though Pundita was the veriest tyro, being more frightened at the weapon in her

side. They did little or no damage to the wolves, for the available cracks were not at sufficiently good angles. An hour went by. Kathlyn could hear the wolves as they crowded against the door, sniffing the sill.

The colonel, Bruce, Ramabal and Ahmed had found the horses half a dozen miles away; and they had thrashed the thieving natives soundly and instilled the right kind of fear in their breasts. At rifle point they had forced the natives back to the rest house. The crack of their rifles soon announced to Kathlyn that the dread of wolves was a thing of the past. She wisely refrained from recounting her experiences. The men had worry enough.

After a hasty meal the journey toward the seaport began in earnest. Umballa's attack had thrown them far out of the regular track. They were now compelled to make a wide detour. Where the journey might have been made in three days, they would be lucky now if they reached the sea under five. The men took turns in standing watch whenever they made camp, and Kathlyn and Pundita had no time for idleness. They had learned their lessons; no more carelessness, nothing but the sharpest vigilance from now on.

One day, as the pony caravan made a turn round a ragged promontory, they suddenly paused. Perhaps twenty miles to the west lay the emerald tinted Persian gulf. The colonel slipped off his horse, dragged Kathlyn from hers, and began to execute a hornpipe. He was like a boy.

"The sea, Kit, the sea! Home and Winnie; out of this devil's caldron! You will come along with us, Bruce?"

"I haven't anything else to do," Bruce smiled back.

Then he gazed at Kathlyn, who found herself suddenly filled with strange embarrassment. In times of danger sham and subterfuge have no place. Heretofore she had met Bruce as a man, to whom a glance from her eyes had told her secret. Now that the door to civilization lay but a few miles away, the old conventions dropped their obscuring mantles over her and she felt ashamed. And there was not a little doubt. Perhaps she had mistaken the look in his eyes, back there in the desert, back in the first day when they had fled together from the ordeals. And yet . . .

On his part, Bruce did not particularly welcome the sea. There might be another man somewhere. No woman so beautiful as Kathlyn could possibly be without suitors. And when the journey down to the sea was resumed he became taciturn and moody, and Kathlyn's heart correspondingly heavy.

The colonel was quite oblivious to this change. He swung his legs free of the primitive stirrups and whistled the air which had been popular in America at the time of his departure.

There was no lightness in the expressions of Ramabal and Pundita. They were about to lose these white people forever, and they had grown to love, nay, worship them. More, they must return to face they knew not what.

As for Ahmed, he displayed his orientalism by appearing unconcerned. He had made up his mind not to return to America with his master. There was much to do in Allahabad, and the spirit of intrigue had laid firm hold of him. He wanted to be near at hand when Ramabal struck his blow. He would break the news to the Colonel Sahib before they sailed.

It was four o'clock when the caravan entered the little seaport town. A few tramp steamers lay anchored in the offing. A British flag drooped from the stern of one of them. This meant Bombay; and Bombay, in turn, meant Suez, the Mediterranean, and the broad Atlantic.

The air was still and hot, for the Indian summer was now beginning to lay its burning hand upon this great peninsula. The pale dust, the white stucco of the buildings, blinded the eye.

They proceeded at once to the single hotel, where they found plenty of accommodation. Then the colonel hurried off to the cable office and wired Winnie. Next he ascertained that the British ship Simla would weigh anchor the following evening for Bombay; that there they could pick up the Delhi, bound for England. There was nothing further to do but wait for the answer to the colonel's cable to Winnie, which would arrive somewhere about noon of the next day.

And that answer struck the hearts of all of them with the coldness of death. Umballa had beaten them. Winnie had sailed weeks ago for Allahabad in search of father and sister!

Ahmed spat out his betel nut and squared his shoulders. Somehow he had rather expected something like this. The reason for Umballa's half-hearted pursuit stood forth clearly.

"Sahib, it is fate," he said. "We must return at once to Allahabad. Truly, the curse of that old guru sticks like the blood leeches of the Bengal swamps. But as you have faith in your guru, I have faith in mine. Not a hair of our heads shall be harmed."

"I am a very miserable man, Ahmed! God has forsaken me!" The colonel spoke with stoic calm; he was more like the man Ahmed had formerly known.

"No, Allah has not forsaken; he has forgotten us for a time." And Ahmed strode out to make the arrangements for the return.

"Bruce," said the colonel, "it is time for you to leave us. You are a man. You have stood by us through thick and thin. I cannot ask you to share any of the dangers which now confront

as, perhaps more sinister than any we have yet known."

"Don't you want me?" asked Bruce quietly.

Kathlyn had gone to her room to hide her tears.

"Want you! But no!" The colonel wrung the young man's hand and turned to go back to Kathlyn.

"Wait a moment, colonel. Supposing I wanted to go, what then? Supposing I should say to you what I dare not yet say to your daughter, that I love her better than anything else in all this wide world; that it will be happiness to follow wherever she goes . . . even unto death?"

The colonel wheeled. "Bruce, do you mean that?"

"With all my heart, sir. But please say nothing to Kathlyn till this affair ends, one way or the other. She might be stirred by a sense of gratitude, and later regret it. When we get out of this—and I rather believe in the prophecy of Ahmed's guru or fakir—then I'll speak. I have always been rather a lonely man. There's been no real good reason. I have always desired to be loved for my own sake, and not for the money I have."

"Money?" repeated the colonel. Never had he in any way associated this healthy young hunter with money. Did he not make a business of trapping and selling wild animals, like himself? "Money! I did not know that you had any, Bruce."

"I am the son of Roger Bruce."

"What! The man who owned nearly all of Peru and half the railroads in South America?"

"Yes. You see, colonel, we are something alike. We never ask questions. It would have been far better if we had. Because I did not question Kathlyn when I first met her I feel half to blame for her misfortunes. I should have told her all about Allahabad and warned her to keep out of it. I should have advised her to send native investigators, she to remain in Peshawar till she learned the truth. But the name of Hare suggested nothing to me, not till after I had left her at Singapore. So I shall go back with you. But please let Kathlyn continue to think of me as a man who earns his own living."

"God bless you, my boy! You have put a new backbone in me. It's hard not to have a white man to talk to, to plan with. Ahmed expects that we shall be ready for the return in the morning. He, however, intends to go back on a racing camel, to go straight to my bungalow, if it isn't destroyed by this time. Perhaps Winnie has not arrived there yet. I trust Ahmed."

"So do I. I have known him for a long time—that is, I thought I did—and during the last few weeks he has been a revelation. Think of his being your headman all these years, and yet steadily working for his raj, the British raj!"

"They can keep secrets."

"Well, we have this satisfaction: when Pundita rules it will be under the protecting hand of England. Now let us try to look at the cheerful side of the business. Think of what that girl has gone through with scarcely a scratch! Can't you read something in that? See how strong and self-reliant she has become under such misfortunes as would have driven mad any ordinary woman! Can't you see light in all this? I tell you, there is good and evil working for and against us, and that Ahmed's fakir will in the end prove stronger than your bally old guru. When I am out of the Orient I laugh at such things, but I can't laugh at them somehow when I'm in India."

"Nor I."

That night Kathlyn signified that she wished to go down to the beach beyond the harbor basin. Bruce accompanied her. Often he caught her staring out at the twinkling lights on board the Simla. By and by they



Umballa Greets the New Queen.

could hear the windlass creaking. A volume of black smoke suddenly poured from the boat's slanting funnel. The ship was putting out to sea.

"Why do you risk your life for us?" she asked suddenly.

"Adventure is meat and drink to me, Miss Hare."

The prefix sounded strange and unfamiliar in her ears. Formally, she had been wrong, then; only comradeship and the masculine sense of responsibility. Her heart was like lead.

"It is very kind and brave of you, Mr. Bruce; but I will not have it."

"Have what?" he asked, knowing full well what she meant.

"This going back with us. Why

should you risk your life for people who are almost strangers?"

"Strangers?" He laughed softly. "Has it never occurred to you that the people we grow up with are never really our friends; that real friendships come only with maturity of the mind? Why, the best man friend I have in this world is a young chap I met but three years ago. It is not the knowing of people that makes friendships. It is the sharing of dangers, of bread in the wilderness; of getting a glimpse of the soul which lies beneath the conventions of the social pact. Would you call me a stranger?"

"O, no!" she cried swiftly. "It is merely that I do not want you to risk your life any further for us. Is there no way I can dissuade you?"

"None that I can think of. I am going back with you. That's settled. Now let us talk of something else. Don't you really want me to go?"

"Ah, that isn't fair," looking out to sea again and following the lights aboard the Simla.

It was mighty hard for him not to sweep her into his arms then and there. But he would never be sure of her till she was free of this country, free of the sense of gratitude, free to weigh her sentiments carefully and unbiasedly. He sat down abruptly on the wreck of an ancient hull embedded in the sand. She sank down a little way from him.

He began to tell her some of his past exploits; the Amazon, the Orinoco, the Andes, Tibet and China; of the strange flotam and jetsam he had met in his travels. But she sensed only the sound of his voice and the desire to reach out her hand and touch his. Friendship! Bread in the wilderness!

Ahmed was lean and deceptive to the eye. Like many Hindus, he appeared anemic; and yet the burdens the man could put on his back and carry almost indefinitely would have killed many a white man who boasted of his strength. On half a loaf of black bread and a soldier's canteen of water he could travel for two days. He could go without sleep for 48 hours, and when he slept he could sleep anywhere, on the moment.

Filling his saddle bags with three days' rations, two canteens of water he set off on a hagin, or racing camel for Allahabad, 200 miles inland as the crow flies. It was his intention to ride straight down to the desert and across this to Colonel Hare's camp, if such a thing now existed. A dromedary in good condition can make from sixty to eighty miles a day; and the beast Ahmed had engaged was of Arab blood. In four days he expected to reach the camp. If Winnie had not yet arrived, he would take the road meet her, warn her of the dangers which she was about to face, and convey her to the seaport. If it was too late, he would send the camel back with a trusted messenger to the colonel, to advise him.

They watched him depart in a cloud of dust, and then played the most enervating game in existence—that of waiting; for they had decided to wait till they heard from Ahmed before they moved.

Four nights later, when Ahmed arrived at the bungalow, he found conditions as usual. For reasons best known to himself Umballa had not disturbed anything. In fact, he had always had the coming of the younger sister in mind and left the bungalow and camp untouched, so as not to alarm her.

She had not yet arrived. So Ahmed flung himself down upon his cotton rug, telling the keepers not to disturb him; he would wake himself when the time came. But Ahmed had overrated his powers; he was getting along in years; and it was noon of the next day when a hand shook him by the shoulder and he awoke to witness the arrival of Winnie and her woman companion.

For the first time in many years Ahmed cursed his prophet. He that had had time to warn the child had slept like the sloth of Ceylon!

He went directly to the point. He told her briefly what had happened. He had not the least doubt that Umballa was already aware of her arrival. She must remain hidden in the go-down of the bungalow; her maid also. That night, if Umballa or his men failed to appear, he would lead her off to safety. But there was no hope of stealing away in the daytime. In his heart, however, he entertained no hope; and like the good general he was, he dispatched the messenger and camel to the sea. The father and daughter were fated to return.

Ahmed had reckoned shrewdly. Umballa appeared later in the day and demanded the daughter of Colonel Hare. Backed as he was by numerous soldiers, Ahmed resigned himself to the inevitable. They found Winnie and her maid (whom later they sent to the frontier and abandoned) and took them to the palace.

There was no weeping or wailing or struggling. The dark, proud face of the young girl gave forth no sign of the terror and utter loneliness of her position. And Umballa realized that it was in the blood of these children to be brave and quiet. There was no mercy in his heart. He was power mad and gold mad, and his enemies lived because he could reach neither of his desires over their dead bodies.

The rignarole and mummyy Winnie went through affected her exactly as it had affected her sister. It was all a hideous nightmare, and at any moment she expected to make up in her cozy corner at Edendate.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Bully! Oh, Very Bull-y! Irish Policeman—If ye want to smoke here ye'll have to atter put out yer cigar or go somewhere else.

Walking in the Light

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TEXT—If we walk in the light as we are in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ his son, cleanse us from all sin. —1 John 1:7.

What is meant by walking in the light? According to this inspired apostle in the first and second chapters of this epistle, it means:

(1) To perceive and confess sin in the faith of Jesus Christ—1:8—2:2. If a man says he has no sin he is not in the light, but in darkness. The Christian believer has indeed no sin "on" him, since its guilt has been borne by his substitute, Jesus Christ, but he still has sin "in" him. To "confess" this sin is different from simply asking forgiveness for it.

A man may ask forgiveness without ever identifying his sins, but when he confesses them he enters into detail and brings himself into the place of judgment for each. But to hold fellowship with God in such confession is to know Jesus Christ as the propitiator for sin and the ever-living intercessor for his people. He is the way, the truth and the life, and no man can come unto God save through him.

Jesus the Carpenter. (2) But in the second place, walking in the light means keeping God's commandments (2:3-6); and this is not limited to an external observance of the decalogue, but includes heart surrender to all his revealed will. It is walking, even as Jesus walked, who did always those things that pleased his father. Nor does this mean only the public Jesus, the Jesus of the three years' ministry, but the private Jesus, the Jesus of the home, the village school, the shop. It means Jesus, the carpenter, who, as Campbell Morgan says, "never made a yoke that galled an ox." It was because the father was well pleased with those silent years at Nazareth that the greater honor of the public ministry was conferred. God gives the Holy Spirit to them that obey him.

(3) Walking in the light means loving the brotherhood, verses 7-11. By the brotherhood here is meant those that are in Christ. To love one's neighbor is an old commandment, but the "new commandment," of which John here speaks, is loving the brethren. This love is not an emotion or passion. It is not a natural, but a supernatural experience. We saw defined in I Corinthians 13, as including such simple things as long-suffering, kindness, humility, courteousness, meekness and the like. It is the love which the apostle Paul rebuked a college president for not loving the graduate that the way to heaven was to push and crowd other people out of the way. That may be the way of the world, but it is not the way of Christ, and he who acts upon it will never know fellowship with God.

(4) Separation from the world thus becomes a fourth means of walking in the light, verses 15-17. There is no proper love for the world, but it is not that which is incompatible with the love of the father. There are two arguments against the love of the world, first, it passeth away and the lust thereof, and second, "he that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

Chauncey M. Depew was defending the second marriage, late in life, of his colleague, Senator Platt, and said that a time came when the love of power, of wealth, of fame, of pleasure receded, and left nothing to a man but the companion of his friends. The difference between Chauncey M. Depew and the apostle John is that however, that in the one case we have the world slipping away from a man, and in the other the man slipping away from the world. It is the last that understands and appreciates the fact of fellowship with God.

D. L. Moody's Memory. On the tombstone which marks the grave of D. L. Moody at Round Top, Northfield, Mass., is engraved that inspiring sentence of John, "He that doeth the will of God abideth forever." How true it is that D. L. Moody abideth still in the hearts and lives of thousands in this country and Great Britain, whom, by the grace of God he won to Jesus Christ, and in a missionary and philanthropic enterprises which were set in motion the result of his great evangelistic work. But he himself abideth in other sense—the literal sense in John meant, because the life of God was communicated to him through son, Jesus Christ. In this sense it is the privilege of every one of us to abide forever. "Because I live," says Christ, "ye shall live also." "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life." Who would accept this gift so freely offered through the son of God?